Source: https://dgray-man.livejournal.com/635520.html

First post! I was delighted when I found the second D. Gray-man novel at a local Asian bookstore. I enjoyed all of the stories, even the first one about the Earl. It's fairly short and told in a quasi-storybook style.

So I translated it.

Let me know if you have any questions or suggestions about my translation, or if you find ommissions, typos, or mistranslations. The formatting is a little different from the original, which sometimes had line breaks in the middle of a sentence because of its storybook style, but I think paragraphs make it flow better in English.

This story featured a Noah cameo!! by our very own eldest Noah. Enjoy!

His name is the Millennium Earl. He who leads the world to its end.
Pointed ears, a giant mouth.
His favorite thing—tragedies.

Ring-ring-ring.

Mountains of piled-up telephones are ringing.

Ring-ring-ring.

Surrounded by the mountains of telephones, the Earl is smiling like always. Every one of the Earl’s telephones is connected to a tragedy. Countless tragedies come to life in the world, awaiting the Earl’s visit. Like eggs holding sorrow, they can’t wait for the day they hatch into Akuma.

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The Earl is very busy.

He walks through the town with a spring in his step. The red-brown cobblestone street is like chocolate.

Lively music is audible in the distance. Balloons in all the colors of candy dance in the sky. People’s voices are raised in laughter.

It seems there’s a festival today.

The Earl, drawn to the hubbub, suddenly stops. A small child is clutching his sleeve. Dark red hair and a brown coat: a child in shades of autumn. He looks as if one could lift him effortlessly with one hand, he’s so small. Tears run down his puffy red cheeks.

“What’s the matter?”

“Mommy, where aaare you?” The sobbing child shows no sign of moving away from the Earl.

“I suppose I have no choice.”

From his pocket, the Earl removes a jumprope. He dexterously straps the child to his back and resumes walking.

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The Earl sets off carrying the child piggyback. He heads towards a town in the East.
This land has an aura of serenity, with temples and stone statues here and there. The black-haired, black-eyed inhabitants regard the Earl with expressions of surprise.

As well they should, since the Earl, with his pointed ears and strange hat, has appeared without warning on the weed-grown road like a poisonous rafflesia flower.

The Earl stops at the corner of one of the houses lining the street. In this house, a man has entered eternal sleep. A young woman clings to him, crying. Her hair, which sways every time she sobs, is like a river of ink. Only hoarse sounds leave her throat now. But she makes no effort to stop crying.

The Earl gently approaches. “What’s wrong?”

Like a flower damp with dew, the woman looks up with tear-tracks still visible on her cheeks. “He who swore in our marriage vows to spend his life with me has passed on. He has gone to the gods.”

“Then let us take him back from their despicable hands.”

A faint hope appears on her face. Strength returns to her empty eyes.

Little does she realize that she’s taken the first step on the stairs leading to the gallows. Never would she dream that further tragedy sought to approach her.

“How…?”

“It’s easy. All you have to do is call your beloved’s name.”

“That’s all?” she exclaims in surprise. Hope takes ahold of her heart, sorely tempting her.

The Earl’s voice is poison.

But to her, it’s as sweet as honey. Captivating honey that she can’t help reaching for. “But…bringing the dead back to life…how could…” Her heart wavers.

The Earl smiles brightly. “Please do consider it. I’ll stop by again later.”

It’s true; the only one who can grant her wish is the Earl. He knows her heart as if he held it in his palm. When they next meet, she’s sure to call her beloved’s name. So entreatingly that the heavens will hear.

Willing to skew the order of the world. Not knowing the great price she’ll pay. She’ll steal back his soul, which was headed for the next world.

And then she’ll have brought a new tragedy to the world.

The boy has been watching, his big eyes open wide.

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From his pocket, the Earl pulls out a crumpled piece of white paper. “I think…it’s about time. Let’s go.”

This time, they speed west. In the far reaches of the West is a gold-mining town that not too long ago had prospered and overflowed with men dreaming of making a quick fortune. Now only red dust drifts over the roads. There’s hardly a soul in sight.

The Earl heads towards a small shack.

A small child lies cold on the bed. Only two or three years older than the boy on the Earl’s back, the child had not even seen ten years in the world. Illness had afflicted his small body, and in the end his life had flickered out.

The father is gently clasping the child’s hand. The child does not squeeze back. But the father keeps on holding the child’s hand, holding on to the faint hope that sometime he’ll squeeze back.

This boy was the father’s only remaining family, and the child of his beloved dead wife. The father did everything he could to cure his child of his illness. However, a cruel ending awaited them.

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Countless beautiful flowers are offered in prayer for the repose of the child’s soul. Enveloped by their rich scent, the father is as still as a statue.

“Have you made up your mind?”

The father slowly raises his head, then nods. Despair and sorrow have consumed his common sense.

Sorrow clouds people’s eyes. He doesn’t even see the sneer that appears on the Earl’s face.

The Earl produces a demonic body in the shape of a skeleton.

The father calls out his child’s name as he was told. His voice seizes the child’s gently slumbering soul and violently drags it back to the world of the living.

The Earl watches in satisfaction. The child’s soul has entered the demonic body. The Earl lifts the corners of his mouth in a smile. The demonic body pries open the father’s mouth and forces itself into his body. The Earl claps his hands and laughs.

The skin is the father’s, the skeleton is Dark Matter, and the imprisoned soul is the child’s. A horrific weapon has been created.

And another of the Earl’s toys gives its birthing cry.

On the Earl’s back, the boy is dozing.

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“Shall we see how things are coming along?”

The Earl skips southward. In the South is a town where the scorching sun shines down.
People brown from the sun walk about cheerfully.

The Earl’s destination is a small, red-roofed house. An old man lives there alone. He had moved to this continent from a distant northern country, bringing only his dreams. He’d worked manically and met his beloved wife, with whom he spent times of joy and sorrow.

A week ago, the old man lost the old woman who’d been his companion for many years. Before the old man with a drooping head had appeared our very own Earl. Now the old man and woman were one flesh. The Earl had offered them a twisted happiness.

The fruit of human sadness. The result of human stupidity. Such is an Akuma.

The Akuma in the shape of an old man is a weapon like a newborn baby. It has to be raised.

The Earl whispers in its ear. “Now, let us kill. Then you’ll grow and grow.”

The old man clumsily stands from his rocking chair. His gaze slowly turns to the neighboring house. Another old couple, a great joy to each other, lives there. The old man strokes his ample beard.

“That would be a good place to start,” says the Earl.

The rocking chair, without an owner, rocks back and forth.

And the world approaches its downfall as another piece advances.

The boy is rubbing his eyes.

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Could the Earl be a little tired? Now he heads for a home that is and is not in this world. There live beings who are and are not human.

The Earl opens the door on a room that looks like a toybox. A girl with smooth, dusky skin comes running up. She looks like a doll in her black dress with lots of lace.

The girl’s eyes shine with curiosity. “Who’s that boy?”

“I have no idea.”

“Are you going to eat him?”

“I have no such intention.”

“Then can I?”

“No.”

The girl licks her sweet candy. She hates humans. Weak and fragile, they mean as little to her as a candy wrapper. Crumple it, tread on it, or cut it up, no doubt she’d feel nothing.

“Never mind that, Millennium Earl. Let’s play.”

“I’m busy.”

“Is it that boy’s fault?” A dangerous light is in the girl’s eyes.

“No.”

The Earl sets out again, a note in his hand.

The boy is snuffling.

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The Earl has come to the North seeking the next tragedy. The town where he first met the boy is in the North. It’s shrouded in silence; it seems the festival’s over.

The Earl walks swiftly.

He walks carrying the boy on his back.

He walks towards a tragedy.

Suddenly the boy on his back bursts into tears.

“What a bother. Whatever is the matter?” asked the Earl, looking not at all bothered.

The sound of adults sobbing reaches his ears. He peeks through the window of a solitary house to find a woman covering her face and weeping. The man by her side gently holds her shoulder. Deep sadness is visible on his face as well.

A germinating tragedy.

Someday it will put forth buds…

“Mommy!” From the Earl’s back, a loud, excited voice.

The child jumps down lightly from the Earl’s back. Without a sidelong glance, he runs straight to his mother’s arms.

Children always get to be hugged.

“Are you the one who brought him back? Thank you!” The mother bows her head.

The Earl smiled. He gently strokes the boy’s head. “I’m sure he’ll grow up quickly and find many people he loves.”

“Thank you!”

The Earl turns his back and walks off. “And please create a wonderful Akuma. I’ll be looking forward to it.” Nobody hears the Earl’s whisper, which vanishes with a

gust of wind.

The Earl still roams the world far and wide.

His name is the Millennium Earl. The creator of the Akuma.
On his head, a silk hat.
His favorite thing—tragedies.